

# Poor Anthony's Complaint

And Lamentation against his Miseries of MARRIAGE,  
meeting with a scolding WIFE.

To the Tune of, *Cold and Raw. The Journey-man Shoemaker. Or, Billy and Molly.*



**W**As ever Man so vext with a Wife  
in Suburbs or in City?

I live a discontented life,  
alas, the more's the pity:  
I must to Bed now I am wed  
before I fill my Belly,  
Or else I have a broken head,  
'tis a hard case I tell ye.

When I would eat she calls me sort,  
and maundering Broth doth bring me,  
So scolding, that is, scolding hot,  
the very stream doth sting me;  
Then you that live a single life  
I wish you to beware,  
For Marriage often breedeth strife,  
and always bisharsh care.

A dismal Deal to me is rung,  
while I Rock Bearn in Cradle,  
Oh! blest me from her scolding tongue,  
and from her basting Ladle.  
Oh that I were a single man  
as I was heretofore sir,  
I would not kiss young Kate or Nan,  
nor never marry more sir.

My Wife doth lug me by the ears  
if I but ask for Bacon,  
And flouts and taunts and scolds and fears,  
but she must have her Capon:  
She kicks me up and down the house,  
and roars as loud as Thunder,  
While I am silent as a Mouse,  
held up my hands and wonder.

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**A** Bout the Room she often routs  
for to find fault and quarrel,  
Although I wash the Mitten Clouts  
and clean the Small Beer Barrel :  
The Tongs and Irons though I scour,  
and make her fire daily,  
Yet I have not one quiet hour  
she bums me like a Bailly.

I drudge and toyl, and am her slave,  
and clean both Pots and Flaggon,  
I cannot tell what she would have  
she is so like a Dragon ;  
She makes me weary of my life  
for I can get no quiet,  
The live-long day I live in strife,  
and Scolding is my Diet.

She'l often rise from Spinning-wheel  
to make me dance the Bozey,  
And make me talt so oft salt Cel,  
I grow a meer John Dorey,  
She is a Chip of the old block,  
(Such Chips are but too common)  
A lowre piece of Crab-tree stock,  
a bawling bawling woman.

One night she went to take the Pot,  
and all be pist me sweetly,  
A leaky Cull under she got,  
which made the Bed feel feartly :  
My Dear (quoth I) you pist beside  
upon my Face and Pillow ;  
Peace Cuckold, peace, go sleep she cry'd,  
you are a lying fellow.

I feel tis not quite to my thumb,  
it can be no such matter,  
Thus she pist on the Bed & Room,  
and soak'd me in salt water,  
She forc'd me to rise at night,  
or else to lye in pickle,  
For I was in a pissen plight  
by this same Madam Fickle.

By me let others warning take  
when they intend to marry,  
Least they (like me) repent too late,  
and quickly do miscarry.  
The married life is full of strife,  
and full of horns I fear it ;  
Then prithce do not take a Wife,  
but take a Glas of Claret.

This may be Printed. R. P.